Moore-ditch?

Falſ. Thou haſt the moſt unſavory ſmiles, and art indeede the moſt comparative raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the counſell rated me the other day in the ſtreete about you ſir; but I mark't him not, and yet he talkt very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, in the ſtreete too.

Prin. Thou didſt well: for wiſedome cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Falſ. O, thou haſt damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou haſt done much harme unto me, *Hall* God forgive thee for it: Before I knew thee, *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeake truely, little better then one of the wicked: I muſt give over this life; and I will give it over: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: i'le be damned for never a Kings ſon in Chriſtendome.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fal. Zounds, where thou wilt, Lad, i'le make one: and I doe not, call me villaine, and baffell me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purſe-taking.

Falſ. Why, *Hall*; 'tis my vocation, *Hall*: 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Poynes.*

Poy. Now ſhall we know if Gads-hill have ſet a match: O, if a man were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine that ever cry'd, Stand to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poy. Good morrow ſweete *Hall*. What ſayes *Mounſieur* Remorſe? What ſayes ſir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Divell and thee about thy ſoule, that thou ſoldeſt him on good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *Iohn* ſtands to his word, the Divell ſhall have his bargaine, for he was never a breaker of Proverbs: he will give the Divell his due.

Poy.

Poines. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy w
the devill.

Prince. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening th

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning,
clock early at *Gads-hill*, there are pilgrimes going t
bury with rich offerings, and Traders riding to *Lo*
fatpurſes. I have vizards for you all; you have horſ
ſelves: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rocheſter*, I have be
per to morrow night in *Eaſtcheap*; we may do it a
ſleep: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your purſes full o
if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Falſ. Hear ye, Yedward, if I tarry at home and
hang you for going.

Poy. You will, chops?

Falſ. *Hall*, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I by my faith.

Fal. Ther's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fe
in thee; nor thou cameſt not of the blood-royall, if t
not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well, then once in my dayes Ile be a mad-

Falſ. Why; thats well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falſ. By the Lord Ile be a traitor then, when thou

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir *Iohn*, I prethee leave the Prince and me al
lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that h

Falſ. Wel, God give thee the ſpirit of perſwaſion &
eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakſt may move,
he hears may be beleeved, that the Prince, may (for
ſake) prove a falſ thief; for the poor abuſes of the t
countenance: farewell, you ſhall finde me in *Eaſtche*

Pri. Farewell the latter ſpring, farewel Alhallown

Poy. Now my good ſweet hony Lord, ride with u
row. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manna
Falſtaffe, *Harvey*, *Roſſil*, and *Gads-hill*, ſhall rob thoſe
we have already way-laid; your ſelf and I will no
and when they have the booty, if you and I do not
cut this head from my ſhoulders.